

## The Evening World

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## JOLLY JOKERS OF FINANCE.

**A** MAN separates from his money much more easily if tickled the while. And he'll almost forgive you afterward if you can only make him see how funny he looked.

The canny old Scotchman who described at the trial of the Steel Trust how he slyly baited himself unloading company after company on the other big fellows "just to keep himself out o' mischief and the reach o' chorus girls," and then when he had no more companies to sell went to Europe to rest from his labors, won not only roars of laughter from his hearers but delighted echoes from the entire nation.

To be sure, the fact that his achievements consisted largely in putting it all over the Trust probably heightens the public relish. But even when the people are themselves the obvious victims they have a wonderful weakness for the jovial chap who works the shell game on them and then grins and pokes them in the ribs about it afterward.

When the late Jim Fiske, who had been doing a little "valorizing" in Erie in the early '70s, asked by a tasty public where a few millions more or less had gone to, rolled up his eyes and responded slyly "where the woodbine twined," many who had come to scowl remained to snicker.

High finance should always choose for a handmaid—Humour. For she hath of all arts most wonderful—that of "getting away with it."

## ALL THIS WAY.

**T**HE Prussians are much upset over the prospective departure of the great Berlin musical conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, to resume the directorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and are pestering their government to keep him in Germany at any cost.

Only the other day the British press was clapping its hands because Lord Curzon had named some old fireplace in the act of sneaking off to America and obtained it up at home.

Paris is worried just now for fear a certain famous private collection of pictures destined for the Louvre may be already half-sold to an American purchaser.

Fear old Europe! Forever shedding tears over the way its art treasures, musical geniuses and such swarm up the gangplanks of westward bound steamers! Even if the American millionaire stays at home he has only to put his hand in his pocket and jingle what's there. Straightaway the magic sound is heard afar and the next steamer will bring him the best of European "goods" to choose from.

When Mr. J. P. Morgan takes one of his walks on the Continent the nations of Europe go into fits of excitement trying to make him say things they don't want themselves and keeping him from getting his eyes on their special treasures.

They might as well give it up. Things are coming our way, and the only thing to do is to let 'em come. Europeans must make up their minds that presently they will have to run over here from time to time when they want to see their own best pictures and hear their own best music.

**F**IVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS for elevators to run 600 feet per minute in the new Municipal Building! With all our rapid transit developments, our marvellous rushings to and fro, don't forget the amazing distances we travel daily in the up and down shoots—the vertical mileage of modern life!

**T**HOMAS B. LAWSON, in a display advertisement in the Boston papers, announces himself a candidate for the Senate of those United States.

Well, why not? Let's put a little "frenzy" into the Congressional Record and start up the circulation.

## Letters from the People

## Thunder Storm Advice.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The thunder storm season is coming on. And city folk will go out to the country on Sundays and get caught in such storms. Here are a few pointers for them. Don't get under a tree in a thunder storm. Don't sit by an open window. Hold no metal in your hand. Keep out of draughts. If any companion is struck by lightning keep him out of doors in the rain, pour gallons and gallons of water over him ceaselessly and try artificial respiration on him. But, above all, pour water on him and keep on pouring it. This is all good free medical advice. Now I'd like to ask a question of wise readers (insurance men especially) in my own turn. Is it true that there is no record of a tin roofed house being destroyed or a tin roof being lightning? **BROOKLYN DOCTOR.**

## A Subway Knight Errand.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The other evening, riding uptown in the subway in the rush hour, I saw a lame woman enter the car with a crutch. I rose to give her my seat. A stout man with a stiff, yellow mustache stepped into the seat as she was about to sit down. (She moved slowly, being lame.) I explained to him that I had offered her the seat and I asked him to get up. In a foreign accent he said: "I know my rights!" and sat still. I took him by the collar, and as gently as I could; lifted him so his feet and arms were on one side while the body sat down. He hit out at me. But I was bleeding the blow and did not seem to get hurt. For I could see he had no chance at fighting. Then he left the car. A man who was with me said: "You really did treat that seat hog badly." He really is a very gentle

with him. I didn't hurt him. I don't want to be thought a bully. So I ask readers to tell me frankly whether or not I was right in doing as I did.

## A Rebellion Against Fashion.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I object to the fashion mandate which commands men to put on straw hats on June 15 and take them off on Sept. 15. The straw hat is the prettiest, most comfortable headgear a man can wear. Why not let him wear it from April to November? Also why not make caps fashionable for winter? **OBSERVER.**

## How Free a Pat Commuter?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I wonder why no one ever sees a fat commuter? I travel to and from the suburbs every day. And hardly ever do I see a fat commuter on the train. I see lots of fat men on the subway, and trolley cars in the city. But almost none among the commuters. There must be some good reason for this. But what it is I can't guess. Who can tell me? I'm asking readers for straight information. Who can give me such information?

C. B. K. Jr.

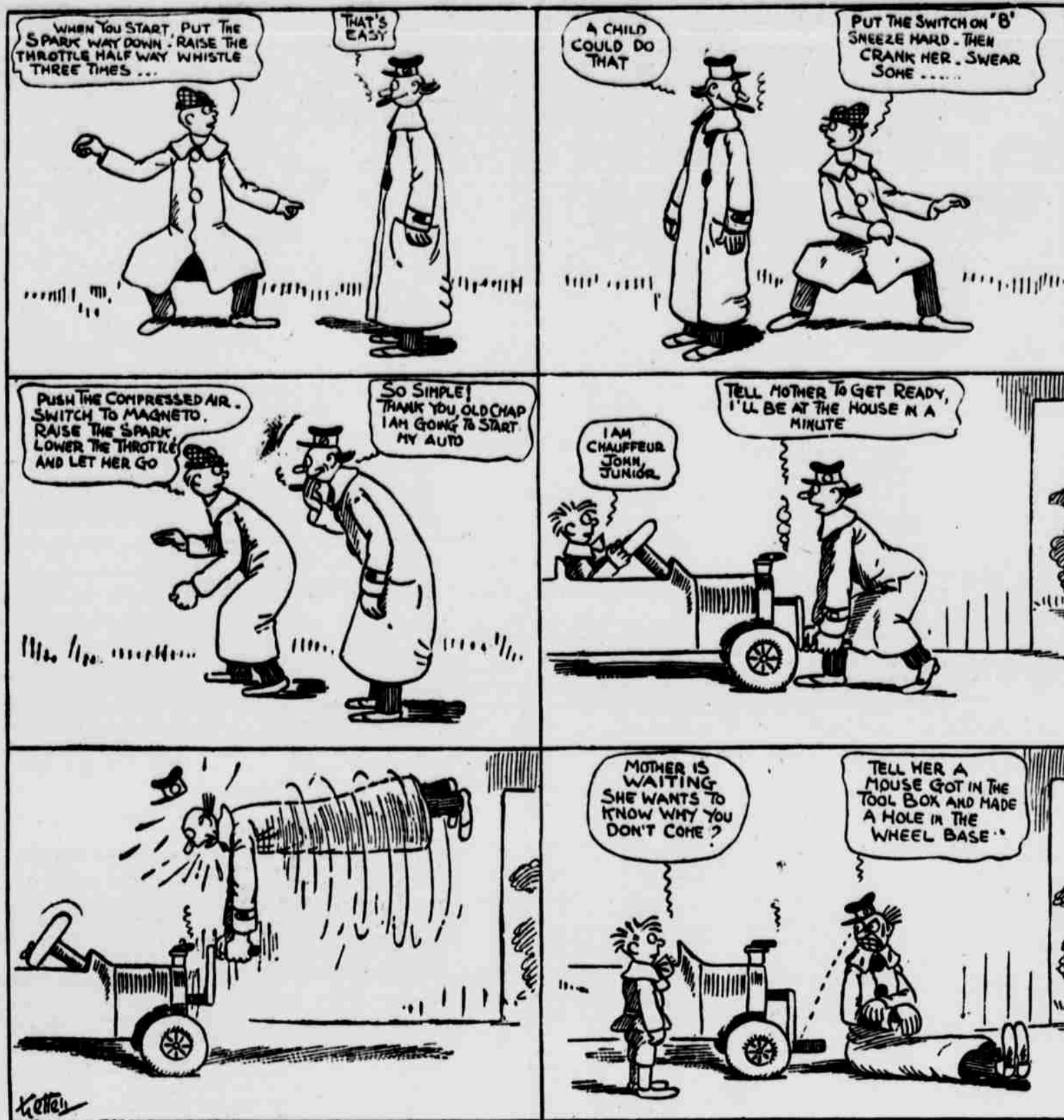
## Fore!

**H**OW many golfers would care to send a ball over the weathercock of St. Giles's, Edinburgh? It has been done, however. In virtue of a bet of 17th Mr. Soles of Leith and Mr. Amelie, a printer, were selected to perform the curious feat of driving a ball from the southeast corner of Parliament Square over the weathercock of the famous church (41 feet from the base of the building). They were allowed the use of six balls each. These all went considerably higher than the vase, and were found in the advantage class, on the north side of the High street.—**Otago News.**

## John, the Chauffeur

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family



By Raymond Cordell

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## The Conquests Of Constance

II.—THE DIVORCE (SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR AT THE HOTEL RICH.) By Alma Woodward

"W HERE is that boy?" cried Mrs. Jarr, for the twentieth time going to the window and looking long and anxiously down upon the teeming Harlem street below her.

Mrs. Jarr, sitting nearby reading the evening paper, grunted as he sawed his knees to one side to give Mrs. Jarr standing room by the window where he read in the creaking old Morris chair.

Mrs. Jarr could have gone to the other front window and not bothered Mr. Jarr, but the ruling passion with the ladies is: "When annoyed annoy everybody else."

"I sent him to wash his hands, and I gave him some money to run out and get half a pound of butter for supper," continued the worried mother. "And what can be delaying him?"

"Don't know," said Mr. Jarr. "Guess he'll be back in a minute."

"I think you might go out and look for him!" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "Supper will be late again and Gertrude wants to go out. How can I keep a girl if

## A Novelty.

"How are you going to celebrate Decoration Day?"

"By going to a ball game without having to give a fake excuse to the boss."

## Lost, Strayed or Stolen:—Willie Jarr and a Half-Pound of Butter

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"When women have votes clerks will wait on children as promptly as they do on grown-ups," said Mrs. Jarr.

She had had Clara Skeddigs-Smith, now an ardent suffragette, with her all afternoon and was feeling the influence of the battle cry of civic equality.

"You'd better look in at the moving picture show," she remarked, however, as Mr. Jarr reached the door. "I can't trust those children with a five-cent piece since the craze for the 'movies' as they call them, has all the young ones' heads beyond one's control!"

"Umhuh," assented Mr. Jarr, and started down the stairs.

Mrs. Jarr leaned over the balustrade and advised him to look in Muller's grocery, because, although she had directed Master Jarr to go to the butter and egg store, Muller seduced the youth of the neighborhood by largess of gingerbreads or stick candy to bring cash trade to him.

But Master Jarr was not at the grocery. The ticket taker vouched for that, and he knew Master Jarr well. "We ain't runnin' no reels just now. It's supper time," said the ticket taker.

Master Jarr was not at Muller's grocery, nor was he in the butter and egg store. But as Mr. Jarr passed a vacant lot, inclosed with high billboards, he heard the voice of his child.

"Aw, I didn't hurt yuh, yuh big baby!" the voice of his child was saying.

And Mr. Jarr peered through a crack in the billboards to behold Master Jarr, who was sitting on the ground, and Master Jarr and Master Slavinsky and the other boys of the neighborhood gathered around crying "Cry baby!"

"Cowardly calf!" and other taunting and derisive epithets.

"You got to step away from my inguines, homehead!" cried Master Jarr again.

And it was apparent Master Jarr had been struck in the pit of the stomach by one of Master Jarr's pitched balls.

"Don't I get me base?" whimpered the unfortunate batsman, as he picked himself up and gazed ruefully around him. "Me stumblin' holts out!"

"Naw, yuh don't get no base!" chorused the others. "Yer out fer gittin' in the way of a pitched ball!"

"If he don't hurry into the outfield, kick him!" cried several.

And the dear little boys, who have the ritual customs of cave men or the wolf pack, proceeded to drub the unfortunate Master Jarr to make him hurry.

Mr. Jarr rapped on the fence and called the game.

Master Jarr came creeping under the fence with a wooden dish full of half-melted butter. Mr. Jarr seized this, threw it back in the vacant lot, purchased a firm half-pound in the nearest store and excused Master Willie to his mother when they got home by saying: "The boy couldn't help himself."

Nor could he. Besides: He it ever so humble, there's no game like baseball!

## The Week's Wash

By Martin Green.

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"G EE," remarked the Head Pollster, "I've been reading the figures on the cost of the new subway, and it seems to me that the money must be squandering on gold rails and platinum coaches and decorating the ticket booths with diamonds."

"Even so," retorted the Laundry Man, "New York is no piker town. We are going to spend hundreds of millions on our

subways because we can afford to blow ourselves for what we need. We've been waiting and waiting for subways, and now when they are in sight the gentlemen are cutting in with objections that they are going to pile a load on the taxpayers."

"Thus far I haven't noted any kicks from the real taxpayers—the people who have to use the subways in travelling and from their work. The cost of the subways will be returned to the people in the increased value of the properties benefited by the distribution of the population."

"Posterity will have to pay for the subways we are about to build. And by the time posterity comes to settle their bill will doubtless be a different method in vogue of collecting the tax."

"At the present time the entire burden of taxes is borne by those least able to shoulder it. The bulk of the taxes is paid by people who pay rent and buy food and clothing and other necessities. Taxes are included in the cost of everything."

"Recently a boy of this city fell heir, through the death of his father, to more than \$100,000, mostly in city real estate. This boy has never touched his hand in honest labor. He has never earned a dollar, and if forced to depend on his own efforts would be pressed to get a job paying twelve times as much."

"His immense fortune had been presented to his ancestors by the City of New York. As the town has grown the fortune has grown. And the tenants on

"The revolution in itself takes second place to this question. Who started it? Who staked the Cuban colored man and brother to uprising with force of arms? What American interests in this line it wouldn't be necessary to send marines and soldiers to Cuba right at the beginning of the hot weather."

Still in the Ring.

"I SEE," said the Head Pollster, "that President Taft is game as a cat. He won't stick to the finish."

"Gee he is," conceded the Laundry Man. "He's got a party and a fluff for punishment."